

progress. Has Mayor Strong met these reasonable and just expectations? We all know that he has lamentably failed in his duty; that he has been woefully unequal to the great public trust placed in his charge by the voters, and we are justly proud of our representative in the Legislature, Assemblyman Otto Kempner, whose forcible open letter to Mayor Strong so completely reflects public sentiment on the latter's vacillating and double-faced attitude.

OVATION FOR KEMPNER.

When Assemblyman Otto Kempner arose to address the crowd he received a flattering ovation. He aroused the greatest enthusiasm among his hearers whenever he used strong language against the Republican party, Mr. Platt and Senator Raines. Every time he mentioned Senator Raines's name it was greeted with hisses.

Mr. Kempner hinted that the Raines law had its origin as a "strike" bill and that Mr. Platt diverted it into a party machine patronage grab measure. Mr. Kempner said:

"The Raines law only pleases the religious and temperance cranks, and the hayseeds, who will have their cross roads and bridges improved at the expense of the big cities."

A German stood up in the center of the hall and asked for information regarding the sale of beer on Sundays. "I want to drink my beer on Sunday as well as on Monday," he yelled. "What has become of the Sunday law? Tell us about that. We want our beer on Sunday!"

Kempner told him that the Republicans in the Legislature had refused to amend the Raines law or to enact any law that would permit the sale of beer on Sunday.

In closing his speech Mr. Kempner paid his respects to Mayor Strong in the following language:

"About a year or so ago, when the reform movement had its inception, a figure of reform might have been represented as a bold warrior clad in armor. To-day the figure of reform is more justly portrayed by a decrepit old fossil, clad in slippers and Mother Hubbard and in shrill voice exclaiming: 'A kingdom for a chew of tobacco and a cup of tea.'"

DR. FRIEDRICH SPEAKS.

Dr. John Friedrich, a well-known German, was the next speaker. It was Dr. Friedrich's opinion that the Raines law was specially aimed at the habits and customs of foreign-born citizens who had journeyed to this land to escape oppression.

Civil Justice George F. Roesech delivered a scathing review of the Raines law, in which he called attention to many of its outrageous provisions. He was once interrupted by a young German, who wanted to know if the Democratic party while it was in absolute control of the State Government had not failed to enact a law permitting the sale of beer on Sundays.

Justice Roesech replied that the Democratic party had always favored a liberal Sunday Excise law.

THE RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, said:

Whereas, The passage of the Raines bill was the result of a deliberate conspiracy to injure and degrade the large cities of the State because of the foreign-born elements that predominate in their population, and which said bill violates the principles of home rule and of personal liberty, robs the cities of their excise revenues, confiscates the property and ruins the prospects of thousands of business men, and seriously interferes with the innocent social customs of our cosmopolitan communities, therefore:

Resolved, That we condemn and censure the Republican Legislature and the Governor for inflicting the said iniquitous and revolutionary measure upon the people, and likewise our alleged non-partisan Mayor for his vacillating attitude and his utter incapacity to protect the municipal interests committed to his keeping.

Resolved, That we urge all citizens who may desire to undo the mischief and harm that will inevitably flow from the Raines bill outrage to support the election of a Democratic Governor and Assembly at the coming election.

The mass-meeting was one of the largest and most representative ever held on the great East Side.

QUAFFED IN NEW JERSEY.

Thirsty New Yorkers and Brooklynites Go Over the River.

New Jersey began to profit yesterday by the restrictions imposed upon its big sister commonwealth by the Raines law. Acting on the theory that it is an ill wind that blows no one good, the enterprising people on the other side of the North River prepared yesterday morning to reap a harvest by throwing their saloons wide open and inviting New Yorkers and Brooklynites to enter.

The places nearest the river's edge did the biggest business, and it may be of interest to state that the bar closest to New York, at which liquor was openly sold yesterday, is just 125 feet from the Hoboken ferry slip. It is a greater distance to follow the sidewalk and street crossing, but the thirty thousands who went to the Jersey oasis yesterday took to the cobblestones and reached the place where liberty was on tap with beer as quickly as they could.

From morning until midnight this saloon and many others in Hoboken, Jersey City, Newark and Paterson were crowded with men, who had the air of New Yorkers, and who drank often and eagerly because they had gone to so much trouble to quench their thirst.

BUSINESS IN JERSEY CITY.

In Jersey City there was a greater effort made to make a show of doing business guardedly than in Hoboken, but still the only thing required to get a drink was the price. There are 800 saloons in the city, which is a pretty good supply for a place of 180,000 inhabitants, and the proprietors stand in no awe of the police.

There is a law in the State against Sunday selling, but it is so constructed that punishment can be inflicted only after indictment by a Grand Jury, and Hudson County Grand Jurors have hitherto been very lenient. Should the police start a crusade, they would have to arraign violators before a committing magistrate, the magistrate would hold the accused for the Grand Jury, and during this period the saloon keepers would be out on bail doing business and feeling reasonably sure that the Grand Jury would let them go.

As a result, the police let the liquor dealers do about as they wish, and the latter are so well pleased with the condition of things that many do not even have side doors. As a substitute, they place screens in front of the front doors, and the patrons, after turning two corners, are at the bar.

A ride at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on an Amper ferryboat—the line between Brooklyn and Jersey City—indicated that the people of the City of Churches were taking as much interest in Jersey City as were the New Yorkers. It was the first time they had been driven from home for a drink, and a few on the boat protested vigorously. The majority were good humored, however, and one jolly individual said: "Life to the occasion by taking to

the guard rail a piece of cardboard on which was printed:

To Jersey for a drink.

HOBOKEN HAS MANY VISITORS.

In Hoboken there are 400 saloons for a population of about 54,000, and nearly all profited yesterday from the first day's effect of the Raines law.

All the drinking places had signs out yesterday advertising back beer, and the majority had their front doors opened for those who wanted to get in. They offered free lunches, and at one place on River street the proprietor, without intending, he said, to reflect on the Commonwealth of New York, put out this sign: "Lunch for Hungry New Yorkers Served Free."

Another saloon keeper expressed the common gratitude of his fellow business men by writing in white lines on the mirror back of his bar:

"Hoboken Says Hurrah for Platt and Raines!"

In addition to those who went to Hoboken and Jersey City, there were many from New York and Brooklyn who went to Newark, Paterson and other New Jersey towns to spend the day. The saloons of Newark made particular efforts to make it pleasant for the strangers, and they threw everything wide open.

CONEY ISLAND WAS DRY.

Dreary Day for the Saloon Keepers at the Resort.

There was a burlesque performance of "Hamlet" in a Coney Island concert hall yesterday with Hamlet left out. Whether unintentional or designed, it was a fitting parody. Coney Island was without beer.

Since decades ago, when Coney was first discovered, it has not been without Sunday beer—until yesterday. It was the blindest looking place with the blindest looking set of people to be found anywhere. From morning till night its less than 500 adult citizens in vain tried the side doors of the 180 saloons, good and true, which had never been found wanting. But to no purpose.

If in all Coney there was a man who yesterday drank at a saloon bar he has only to establish it to secure a season's engagement in the pick of her museums.

As the patrolmen of the Twenty-fourth Precinct (Coney Island) fled before Captain Elias P. Clayton yesterday for their instructions, the Raines Excise law was read to them.

"Now," spoke the Captain, in a voice alleged to have been husky, "If there is a side door open on the island, if a drop of liquor is being sold, if there is a bar not completely exposed to view—do your duty."

But the police had little to do. The local Liquor Dealers' Association held a meeting Saturday. Each member tore a handful of hair out of his head, and then voted that "until the Committee on Devices and Subterfuges makes its report, members of this association be, and hereby are requested not to attempt the sale of liquor on Sunday."

Not one liquor dealer on the island, but who is a member of the association, and not one, but abided by the decision.

IT WAS A DREARY DAY.

The day was dismal indeed. Besides the excise, Raines which chilled the heart and stomach there was a cold, damp rain which chilled to the bone. Notwithstanding weather and the infancy of the season, the famous old resort entertained a considerable throng. Multitudes from New York and Brooklyn smiled softly to themselves as they bought tickets for Coney Island and thought that there was one green spot left where beer was on draught. But sorrow was their lot, and nothing in which to drown it.

Each of the 180 "never close" saloons was made an object of assault by each pilgrim, but there was one which invited and received especial attention.

The West End Hotel stands on Surf avenue, at the corner of Fifteenth street. A sign on the north side of the house, painted in letters four feet long, flaunts this boast:

OPEN THE YEAR AROUND.

But a less pretentious one on the front door of the barroom was found to read:

CLOSED FOR 24 HOURS.

An even sadder sight was the dancing pavilion of Louis Stanch, on the Bowery. He depends as much on the sale of drinks as the most exclusive liquor dealer. He furnishes the hall, waxes the floor, pays a round sum to a band to tout fourteen hours a day, welcomes a person in to "spiel," and sees to it that a waiter confronts him after each number. His place was open as usual yesterday—the band had been contracted for in advance—Cherry Hill danced with Cherry Hill, drank ice water, and went out again. Stanch danced, too, when he fell to figuring how many sales of five-cent cigars it would take to pay for the bass drum alone.

PROPRIETORS HELD A PARADE.

In the afternoon the rain ceased and the sky cleared. Everybody then sought every-where, and the result was a parade of proprietors such as Coney never beheld before. With a common instinct they made their way to the Bowery and in groups moved up and down street keeping step harmoniously with excited speech. Before long they resembled a well-drilled body on dress parade. Needless to say there was but one topic of conversation—the drought following the Raines law.

Yet there is hope. It is said that the Liquor Dealers' Committee on Devices and Subterfuges has found that under the law hotel keepers may serve their guests in their rooms or in the dining room, if it is not in the same room as the bar, with the doors locked, of course, but there is a provision permitting "necessary" ingress and egress. The plan is this: The guest sits down to his meal in the dining room and orders drinks. The waiter, not the bartender, goes into the barroom and is served by the bartender, albeit the blinds are up and he is in full view from the street. Then he carries it into the dining room, where it is paid for. The purchase is made in the dining room and not at the bar. The bartender's entry into the saloon is for "necessary" purposes, Coney Islanders claim.

ELEVEN EXCISE ARRESTS.

The Smallest Number Yet Made for Sunday Violations.

The number of arrests for Sunday excise violations dropped yesterday to less than were made on the Sunday preceding.

The entire city but eleven saloon keepers and bartenders were caught violating the law. This is the lowest number on record at Police Headquarters for a single day.



VICTIMS OF YESTERDAY MORNING'S TENEMENT HOUSE FIRE ON HUDSON STREET.

Four persons lost their lives by the burning of this three-story house, which belonged to the Trinity Corporation, and a fireman was so badly injured by falling from a ladder that his life is despaired of. It was while attempting to assist three other firemen in rescuing Miss Ryan from a third-story window, as shown in the above picture, that he met with the accident. He was just below the fireman shown on the ladder. The four inmates of the tenement shown above met death by suffocation.

GAVE HER LIFE TO SAVE ANOTHER.

Continued from First Page.

niece and her lodger, Grogan. Miss Ryan has been an invalid for years, and the two girls have been her main support. All of them are Catholics, and had retired early on Saturday night in order to attend first mass in the morning. Their prayerbooks had been left ready at hand on a bureau in Miss Ryan's room.

The latter occupied the front apartment, facing on Hudson street. The two girls slept in the room adjoining, the lodger in the third room. The fourth room was used as a kitchen and dining room combined.

Trying to Save an Invalid.

Kate Higgins was the first to hear the warning given by Thomas McManus and groups moved up and down street keeping step harmoniously with excited speech. Before long they resembled a well-drilled body on dress parade. Needless to say there was but one topic of conversation—the drought following the Raines law.

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She managed to reach the front room, but it was only by feeling the heavy curtains that she knew she was near the window. Just as she started to open it she stumbled against something, which was afterward found to be the unconscious form of her cousin. After opening the window she climbed out on the sill and dropped.

Fortunately for her there was a cornice nearly two feet wide running along over the confectioner's store and guarded by a painted sign nearly two feet high. The woman landed on this ledge and lay there all in a heap, half unconscious but without sustaining any other injuries than a broken ankle. She was carried down later by the firemen.

Mary McMahon, however, gave up her life to save her aunt and failed in doing so.

She had half dressed the woman when the other girl opened the door, allowing the smoke to enter. Miss McMahon must have been almost immediately overcome by smoke, for her body was found on the floor near the chair where her aunt had been sitting. The invalid found strength to reach a window. The flames were playing cruelly about her when the firemen saw her at the window from the street below. She appeared then to be unconscious.

The first to see her was Foreman Reilly, of Truck No. 5. On the scene at that time was Engine No. 24, in charge of Foreman McLaughlin. Chief Lally, of the Fifth Battalion, had also just arrived. At sight of the woman's face at the window Foreman Reilly ordered a three-story ladder erected, upon which he was followed by Firemen Mally and Grogan. The ladder was at too great an angle and the men were unable to reach the woman.

Foreman Reilly called out to those below to pull out the ladder at the base, while he and his men were on it.

A Brave Fireman's Fall.

The order was about being executed, when Fireman Edward Welch, anxious to lend his aid in the rescue, ran up the ladder. He got up about fifteen feet, when the ladder was shifted in accordance with the orders given. Welch had not heard the command and was not prepared for it. When the ladder bent in near the center in consequence of the sudden jar, he lost his hold and fell backward upon the sidewalk, where he lay unconscious. A few minutes later he was on his way to the hospital in an ambulance. Welch is married and lives with his wife and child and two step-children at No. 200 Prince street.

With scarcely a glance at their injured brother, Foreman Reilly, with Mally and Grogan, resumed the task of rescuing Miss Ryan. Reilly reached over from his place on the ladder, and, seizing her by the shoulders, gradually drew her toward him and passed her over his own shoulder to Fireman Mally. Fireman Grogan seized her and then all helped to carry her to the ground, where she was taken in charge by Surgeon Kennison, of the New York Hospital, as was the injured fireman. She was placed in an ambulance, but died before reaching the hospital.

The firemen were meanwhile having a fierce battle with the flames. Foreman McLaughlin at first tried to fight the fire from the lower hallway and up the stairs. The firemen once managed to reach the

second landing, but were driven back. They finally got to the landing named, but were three times driven away from any attempt to reach the top floor. At last they succeeded, but it was only after all the partitions and nearly all the floors, staircases and flooring had been burned away. Every article of furniture in the rooms was reduced to charcoal.

Then a search of the premises was made. In the rear room of the extension the body of Thomas Mally was found. He was dressed only in his underclothes and had evidently been overcome by the smoke and fallen a few minutes after the first alarm. On the top floor Archibald Grogan was found dead in his bedroom. He had evidently seated himself in a chair to dress, had put on some of his clothing and his hat and was then suddenly overcome. He fell forward on his head and was found in a doubled up position.

The firemen had gone away, and the body of Mary McMahon was not sought for until some time after 5 o'clock. It was thought she had escaped, but the second search found her lying as above described. The body was removed to Egan & Leake's undertaking rooms, No. 202 Spring street. The two other bodies were taken to the Macdougall Street Station and later to the Morgue. On the arrival of the Coroner at the New York Hospital a permit was given for the removal of Miss Ryan's body.

Was a Death Trap.

After the fire Battalion Chief McNally said:

"Had they constructed that house in order to make a good fire they could not have made a better job of it. It was the worst death trap I ever saw in my experience outside of a few cheap tenements. All the partitions were of one-quarter inch pine, and all were as dry as a chip. The ceilings were the same. When the hall door was opened the flames swept through every part of the building. The rapidity of the fire can be imagined from the fact that the house was gutted from top to bottom within forty-five minutes."

The fire Marshall promises to make a careful investigation of the blaze. The loss all told will not exceed \$18,000. Of that amount Egers, the confectioner, says he has sustained \$10,000, but is fully insured. The McManus family claim a loss of \$7,000, and they are insured for \$6,000. When Kate Higgins was seen in the St. Vincent Hospital late last night she was resting easily. She told in detail the story of her miraculous escape.

MYERS' WIDOW HIS ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

She Believes Her Aged Husband Made a Will in Her Favor Just Before His Death.

Romance of a Foster Father of Seventy and an Adopted Daughter of Thirty Years.

MARRIAGE THAT WAS A FAILURE.

He Once Made a Will Bequeathing Her All His Wealth, but Revoked It After a Bitter Family Quarrel.

There is a romance behind this notice, which was printed yesterday: RUSSELL MYERS, deceased, will the lawyers who drew his last will in September last, or witnesses, communicate with his widow, 3079 8th ave., immediately!

Thirty-five years ago the widow of Russell Myers was born. Her maiden name was Emeline Kelly. When she was seven months old she was adopted by Russell Myers. He was then forty years old and had been married twenty years. He held a responsible position in the Merchants' National Bank in Wall street.

Emeline was a pretty little black-eyed, black-haired girl, and her foster parents loved her and brought her up as their own daughter. She was known as Emeline Myers, and never knew that she was not their real daughter until she was twenty years old.

Then she was courted by Philip Bracey Vile Pligue, a good-looking young Southerner. When their wedding day was set Myers told Emeline and her prospective husband her real name. They were married and lived together until six years ago, when her husband died. The widow was left in good circumstances, with one son.

Eight months later Mrs. Myers, who lived with her husband on Columbus avenue, died. Myers was then seventy years old, and Widow Pligue, his adopted daughter, thirty. Three months after Myers was left a widower he married Emeline. On the day of the wedding the old man made a will leaving all his property—valued at about \$10,000—to his young wife. They lived happily until the first of April, 1880.

Myers was very fond of fishing, and was a member of the New York Fishing Club. Sometimes he remained away two or three days. He came home on the night of April 9, and found his wife missing. She did not come home until the next day. Then, according to Widow Myers's story, the old man kicked her downstairs, and told her never to return. She went to her present address, hired a flat and went to work to earn her own living. On April 30, following, Myers made a new will and left everything to his niece, Miss Mary Cooper, of No. 301 West Eighty-ninth street.

On September 24 last, Myers was found drowned near Tottenville, S. I. It was never known whether he was drowned accidentally or committed suicide. His body was found in three feet of water. The will in favor of Miss Cooper was probated. Now, the widow claims that she has reason to believe that her husband made another will in her favor three days before his death. She will not say how she obtained her information.

"Papa, as I called my husband," said Mrs. Myers, "loved me, and he was ill a week before his death. He kept calling for his 'Lilie,' as he called me, all the time, and, I am sure, made a will in my favor. I am advertising for the man who drew the will and the witnesses, and if I do not find them I will not get a penny. I am dependent, now, upon my own efforts for a living."

ROMANCERS FOOL POLICE.

They Call at a Jersey City Police Station and the Reserves Are Sent Out.

Stephen Ingram, of Atlantic City, N. J., and William Black, of No. 433 Montgomery street, Jersey City, are, according to Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, champion romancers. Ingram, who is an overgrown youth of eighteen years, entered Police Headquarters about 2 o'clock yesterday morning and told a thrilling story of having been held and robbed by masked men on Monmouth street. A silver watch and \$35 were taken from him, he claimed.

He said he had arrived in town about 1:30 a. m. with \$150 he was to pay Undertaker McNulty, of Montgomery street, and that he had met the latter's driver near the ferry and paid him the money. Then he strolled around and got held up. While he was telling his story Black entered. His clothes were dripping wet. He claimed to have been held up by three men, robbed of thirty-five cents, and finally thrown into Mill Creek.

The stories told by the two young men caused Sergeant Hopkins to turn out the reserves. Ingram went with the sergeant, and in Montgomery street pointed out Thomas Burns, of No. 326 Grand street, as one of his assailants. Burns denied the accusation, but was locked up. Black, it was discovered, had got in a row and been thrown into a puddle. When Chief Murphy arrived at once discharged the two young men. Ingram in hand and soon made the latter confess he had been romancing. Burns was again discharged. The sergeant, however, from the Chief of Police of Atlantic City last night stated that Ingram had run away from home and asked that he be sent back.

GILMORE'S SKULL FRACTURED.

The West Hoboken Man's Injury More Serious Than Was Supposed.

Robert Gilmore, of No. 501 Palisade avenue, West Hoboken, is dying from a fractured skull, and the police are looking for William Brakeman. The two men got in a row in a saloon about a month ago, and Brakeman knocked Gilmore down. As the latter fell his head came in contact with the bar. He did not appear to be injured, made no complaint against Brakeman.

Last week Gilmore suddenly collapsed, and a physician, who was called, said his skull had been fractured by the fall. Yesterday his condition was critical, and the doctor notified the police.

Brakeman left town several days ago.

Financial Losses Led to Suicide.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 28.—Brutus Aldridge told his family last Thursday that he was going to Pittsford to attend to some business and might not be back that night. He did not appear to be in any hurry, and made no complaint against his business.

REFUSED ETHER WHEN HER ARM WAS CUT OFF.

Laundress at the Gerard House Loses Her Left Hand in a Steam Wringer.

Remarkable Fortitude of the Injured Girl, Who Directs Her Frightened Companions.

WOULD NOT TAKE AN ANÆSTHETIC.

Ignoring the injunctions of Bellevue Surgeons, She Submits to the Amputation of Her Arm Above the Elbow Without a Murmur.

Mary Ann Farrell, twenty years old, a laundress, employed at the Gerard House, No. 125 West Forty-fourth street, had her left hand torn off yesterday by a large steam wringer in the laundry of the hotel.

The girl was feeding the machine when she turned her head to listen to a remark made by another employe. In an instant the revolving rollers drew her hand in. She screamed and threw herself backward. The rollers had crushed the bones of her hand and wrist to a pulp, and as she fell backward the mangled hand dropped into the basket set to catch the clothes after they have passed through the machine.

In spite of the excruciating agony the girl directed the movements of her excited companions. She instructed one to procure brandy and another to call an ambulance.

When the latter arrived from Bellevue Hospital the girl was directing how the arm should be dressed, and requested that the flaps from the dismembered hand be taken care of until she recovered.

At Bellevue Hospital the surgeons said the arm would have to be amputated above the elbow. With remarkable coolness the sufferer told them to commence the operation as soon as possible.

They prepared to give her an anæsthetic, but she refused to take it. Doctors Fluereher and Ayres attempted to persuade her to allow them to administer ether, but she refused. She said that she had a strong constitution and could stand the operation without flinching. They placed her upon the operating table and the arm was amputated above the elbow. During the operation the girl remained perfectly conscious, and only once—when the saw entered the bone—did a murmur escape her lips.

The physicians say it was the most wonderful display of bravery that ever came under their notice. At midnight the girl was doing well, with every indication that she would recover.

Miss Farrell is described by her associates at the hotel as a remarkably pretty girl. She has been employed in the laundry of the Gerard House for several months, and lives with a widowed mother at No. 303 West Forty-seventh street.

MANIAC IN A CIGAR STORE.

Life of Proprietor Berner Is Saved by the Timely Arrival of Policeman Hennessy.

A desperate struggle between a maniac and his brother-in-law in the latter's cigar store attracted attention to the place, at No. 642 East Sixth street, last night.

Policeman Hennessy, of the Union Market Police station, was informed that Isadore Beck, who was evidently insane, was murdering his brother-in-law, Henry Berner, who keeps the cigar store.

Hennessy arrived in time to save Berner's life, and after a fierce struggle removed the insane man, who was shouting at the top of his voice that he had been poisoned, to the station.

Here he pretended to leave the room on a plea of necessity. He reached the window and in a desperate attempt to escape crashed through the glass. He encountered iron bars.

He was conveyed to Bellevue Hospital in a straitjacket and will be examined today.

An Uninvited Guest in the Choir.

William McShane, of No. 325 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York, attended a christening in West New York, N. J., yesterday. He became bilious, and finally left the house and wandered into the choir loft of the Church of Our Lady, Help of Christians, there.

His actions terrorized the choir and interrupted the services. Father Berghold, the rector, caused his arrest, and he was \$5 poorer when he finally started for home.

A card on the outside of office door says: "Come to lunch. Be back in ten minutes." And, the man will be there on time. That is, for some days, weeks or even months, he will. Then he will be at home occasionally for a day. He'll tell you he has a headache, or a cold, or a morbus, or maybe he'll say he had a lump in his stomach and felt too miserable to move. The lump was probably two or three ten-minute lunches condensed. They were hurried in, but they were taking their own time about getting out, or even "moving on."

This is a great mistake, but as long as there's life there's a chance to rectify mistakes. The man who "bolts" his lunches will find Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best friend he ever met. The "Pellets" may not hurry as much as the man does, but they will do the work for which they are intended—surely—promptly—effectually.

There is no case of biliousness, constipation, indigestion, "heart-burn," or any of the rest of the night-mare breeding brood, that these little "Pellets" will not cure. They are not disagreeable to take, neither are the effects disagreeable. They are gentle laxatives. They cure permanently. There's no danger of forming a "Pellet habit." Therefore, you don't become a slave to their use.

Send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and receive absolutely gratis, Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, and find out how to keep yourself and family healthy. The book contains 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations and over 38,000 copies have been sold at \$1.50 each. The new edition of 500,000 copies is to be given away absolutely free. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. Address, with stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 666 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.